Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE AND NEWS.

Vol. 4. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, January 21, 1869. No. 17.

THE

Summerside Journal,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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Job Printing

of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office

Almanac for January, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 5th day, 4h. 10m. mornin, S. E.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 40m., evening, S.W.
First Qtr. 20th day, 8h. 14m., evening, S.W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 9h. 17m. evening, N. E.

D. MON.	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	LENG. DAYS.
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Frid	7 50	4 19	2 58	58 57	8 33	8 30
2	Sat	50	20	4 29	53 56	9 44	30
3	Sat	50	21	4 54	47 47	10 55	8 31
4	Mon	50	22	5 21	41 81	morn	32
5	Tues	49	22	5 48	34 48	0 6	33
6	Wed	49	23	6 15	27 38	1 15	35
7	Thurs	48	25	6 41	20 1	2 23	36
8	Frid	48	26	7 6	11 59	3 28	39
9	Sat	48	28	5 31	3 30	4 33	41
10	Sun	47	29	7 56	54 35	5 29	42
11	Mon	46	30	8 19	45 15	6 25	45
12	Tues	46	31	8 43	35 29	sets	47
13	Wed	46	33	8 5	25 18	5 52	49
14	Thurs	45	34	8 27	14 43	6 48	50
15	Frid	45	35	9 49	3 43	7 50	56
16	Sat	44	37	10 9	52 18	8 47	8 56
17	Sun	43	39	10 29	40 31	9 47	57
18	Mon	42	40	10 48	28 19	10 44	58
19	Tues	42	41	11 7	15 45	21 42	59
20	Wed	41	42	11 24	2 37	morn	9 2
21	Thurs	40	44	11 41	49 27	0 44	4
22	Frid	39	45	11 57	35 46	1 46	9 6
23	Sat	38	46	12 13	21 42	3 46	3
24	Sun	37	48	12 27	7 17	3 54	9
25	Mon	36	49	12 41	52 31	4 59	13
26	Tues	35	50	12 54	37 25	rises	14
27	Wed	34	55	13 6	21 53	4 52	18
28	Thurs	33	54	13 17	6 11	6 9	20
29	Frid	32	55	13 27	50 5	7 32	21
30	Sat	31	57	13 37	33 40	8 38	23
31	Sun	7 29	4 58	13 46	16 57	9 50	24

Summerside Markets.

Jan. 21, 1869.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	11d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Island Flour per cwt	19s to 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

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Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

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President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
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President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
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Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
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Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, N. Y.

Office in the residence of Rev. P. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,

*** All calls promptly attended to.

Summerside, October 15, 1868.

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W.W. Colpitts, Margate.

December 3, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street

SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.

October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS

Has Removed His Residence to the House

(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)

next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.

St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

Business Cards.

North British and Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

CHIEF OFFICES:
64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.

Risks taken daily, in Town and Conntry, at the office of the Agent, Reading room Building, Dorchester street.

G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P E Island.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

THOMAS KELLY,

Barrister - at - Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

J. H. ALLEN,

Commission Merchant,

And Dealer in Provisions, &c.

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St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.

May 9, 1868.

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Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,

Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island

WILLIAM DODD,

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And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

JHARLOTTETOWN --- P. E. ISLAND

JOHN McKAY,

Commission Merchant

And Auctioneer,

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

SUMMERSIDE ..... P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Char'town, "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.

Nov 19, '68

R. & W. T. HUNT,

Commission Merchants,

GENERAL AGENTS AND

AUCTIONEERS.

SALESROOM AND OFFICE

Head of Queen's Wharf.

(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)

Summerside, P. E. Island.

April 2 1868 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

And General Agents,

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Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

HANFORD BROTHERS,

Successors to Thomas Hanford,

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Marble Worker,

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AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.

Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.

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A. W. ANDRES.

Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

North side King Square,

(next to Park Hotel)

ST: JOHN, N. B.

JAMES W. THOMPSON, ... PROPRIETOR

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.

St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,

No. 9, King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.

ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Established 1845.

NEW YORK

LIFE INUSRANCE COMPANY.

Assets, January 1st, 1868,

Over Ten Million Dollars

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Herald Buildings, Montreal.

The New York

Life Insurance Company

IS ONE OE THE

OLDEST INSTITUTIONS

Of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845. During the twenty-three years of its existence it has issued policies upon the lives of more than

Fifty Thousand Persons.

and has paid in losses $5,000,000 to the families and representatives of those who have deceased while members of the Company.

Annual Income

EXCEEDS

Four Million Dollars.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

The instances are many within the experience of every Life Insurance Company, in which the proceeds of a Policy has saved from poverty the survivors of those who have thus made provision for their wants in times of prosperity and health. A wife may insure the life of her husband for her own benefit, and should she survive him, the amount of the insurance will be payable to her free from any claims against his estate; and in case of the death of the wife before that of the husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable to her children.

THE COMPANY DECLARES

ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS,

which are available in payment of each Annual Premium. All the insured in this Company receive dividends which can be used in part of the second and each subsequent Annual Premium thereafter; or the dividend may be allowed to accumulate, and subsequently used in whole or in part in the payment of Premiums. The business of the Company being *PURELY MUTUAL*, each member pays only the average cost of insurance, all surplus being annually returned to the Policy holders. (Companies having a Stock Capital usually retain a large portion for the Stockholders.) The Dividends paid to Policy holders exceed

$3,000,000.

Endowment Assurance Policies.

These Policies are coming into general request As a sure and profitable investment for one's declining years, they deserve the attention of all. The sum secured by an ordinary life policy becomes available upon the death of the assured; on the Endowment plan the amount is received by the assured himself upon his attaining a specified age, while full provision is made for death occurring prior thereto.

THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

This company originated and introduced the valuable feature known as the Non-Forfeiture Plan which is rapidly superseding the old system of life long payments, and has revolutionized the system of Life Insurance in the United States, and which has been adopted (generally in a less favorable form) by all Life Companies. A party, by this table, after the second year, *cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in.*

☞ Tables of Rates, Circulars, Examples of Dividends, Forms, &c., can be had by applying to the Agent, at Charlottetown.

MEDICAL EXAMIMERS:
DR. MACKIESON, DR. R. JOHNSON.
Agent for P. E. Island:
HENRY A. HARVIE.
Ch'town Nov 19, 1868.

The Canada

Life Assurance Company

Established 1847.

Incorporated under Special Act of Parliament.

Manager—A. G. Ramsay, F. I. A.

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Capital—One Million Dollars!

HALIFAX, N. S.

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The Hon S. L. Shannon,
The Hon John W. Ritchie,
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Medical Adviser—W. J. Almon, Esq. M D
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Honorary Directors.

John V. Thurgar, Esq—Rev Wm Scovil, A M
Alex. Jardine, Esq—John Boyd, Esq
Charles Merritt, Esq.

Medical Advisers—Drs. Harding & McLaren
Agent—James G Forbes.

The Terms and conditions of Assurance of this old established Company, are as liberal and unrestricted as those of other good companies, and the rates which are founded on the higher interest obtainable in Canada than in Great Britain, are lower than those of British and American Offices.

Endowment Policies payable during lifetime of assured Policies payable during a LIMITED NUMBER of years.

Liberal regulations as to foreign residence, travel and occupation.

AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.
Charlottetown—W. D. STEWART,
Summerside—J. BERTRAM,
Medical Adviser—F. D. BEER, M.D.

Tables of Rates for the more general forms of Life Assurance, and every information may be obtained at any of the Agencies, which are established on the Island.

J. W. MARLING,
General Agent.

October 29, '68 3m

POETRY.

THE PRINTER'S HOHENLINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,
Subscribers are provoking slow,
A few supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,
When duns pour in from morn till night,
Commanding every sixpence bright
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due bills are arrayed,
Each seal and signature displayed;
The owners vow they must be paid,
With threats of law and chancery.

Then to despair we're almost driven,
There's precious little use of livin'
When our last copper's rudely riven
From hands that held it lovingly.

But larger yet those duns shall grow,
When interest's added on below,
Length'ning our chin a foot or so,
When gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun
To plead for time upon a dun,
Before there comes another one,
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens—on, ye brave!
Who would our very bacon save;
Waive, patrons, all your pretexts waive,
And pay the printer cheerfully

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents new to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt
For papers taken reg'larly.

Select Literature.

Shot through the Heart.

"Where is Ardent?"

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Stephen, her father is dead."

Stephen Allen rose hastily and took the open letter from his mother's hands. While he was reading the door opened and a girl entered the room. No human being was ever handsomer. I have seen people stand transfixed before Ardent Alliston, seeming unable to believe their eyes. She was perfectly beautiful, utterly graceful. And as she crossed the room, her wine-colored dress trailing benind her, the two watched her with a dumb pity.

She went to the window, and stood there, lightly tapping on the pane with her white fingers. Mother and son exchanged glances of pain.

"Has the mail carrier come, Stephen? It's time I had a letter from papa."

As the girl spoke, she whirled lightly, and dropped down upon an ottoman at Stephen Allen's feet. He had crushed the letter in his hand, but her quick glance detected it.

"Stephie, Stephie, that's a love-letter, I know. Let me see it—let me see it! I am just in the humor for reading a love-letter. I've *thought* you was in love, this long time."

She was trying to wrest the letter from his hand, when he clasped both her slender wrists, dropping the sheet.

"Ardent, you shall read it, but it is not a love-letter."

The merriment died out of her beautiful face at his tone.

"Is it my letter, Stephie?"

"It concerns you, Ardent."

The color began to die out of her lovely cheek.

"Stephie, what do you mean?"

"It's not a letter of good tidings dear," he said, gently; and then, seeing that she was somewhat prepared, gave her the sheet.

She grasped it with a trembling hand and read. He saw the swiftly blanching cheek, the dilating eyes, the terror and fear coming out in tense lines in the delicate face, and his own face was almost agonized.

She rose, at last—was going mutely from the room, but her sight failed; she staggered, and would have fallen to the floor, but that he sprang and caught her in his arms.

"Father, father!" she sobbed, writhing upon his breast.

Through all her grief he tended her as if she were a stricken child, and it was weeks before she rallied from the first dreadful shock of her life. The others missed her bloom and brightness about the house; he thought only of the girl's aching heart, and forgot himself utterly—forgot that, with his more than human compassion, that he was only human, and that he was laying up for himself immeasurable pain. All his tenderness and care failed to do what one little newspaper paragraph did in a moment, bring the color to her cheek, arrest the flow of her tears. He picked the paper up after she had gone, and re-read what he had seen her read with absorbing interest, "Arrived in the barque *Woldron*, Junius Lemoine, etc."

He remembered the man, recollected his beauty and grace, his gift to Ardent of flowers and rare foreign relics. He had been absent a year in Europe. Stephen had wondered sometimes if she wrote to him. Once, when he saw a letter which was mailed London, he turned sick and faint with the certainty; but then this grief came and he forgot everything but her, that she suffered. And now when he saw the girl forget the sorrow he had toiled so earnestly to assuage at the mere sight of that man's name, an unspeakable bitterness rose in his heart.

"If she marries him, I think it will kill me," he said, walking the floor.

"I should have been more cautious," he broke out again. "I have been a fool, to forget myself so utterly for her. But, then, I *could* not resist her desolate moans, her fright at her orphanage, her little clinging hands and trusting embrace. I did not realize how sweet I found it to attend her; that all the time a hope was growing in my heart. Now—now—"

He struck his clenched hand against his brow.

Just then the bell rang, and a boy delivered a note from one of the hotels. He called Ardent down, that he might deliver it into her own hand. A little startled blush came to her pale cheek, her lids fell before his inquiring gaze.

"It is from Mr. Lemoine," she said, quietly. "I saw his name in the list of arrivals this morning."

She smiled and blushed again, not even seeing his pallor, as she turned away. He was certain now that she loved him. There was nothing now for *him* to do but to keep his pain out of sight.

He worked busily, but he could not help thinking. Ardent was an orphan now; She had no longer a father to provide for her, and it was probable she would soon go to the home she loved. Lemoine was of respectable connections; wealthy, it was said. Mrs. Allen inquired about these things anxiously, and reported to Stephen, who heard silently. She had taken a mother's interest in the motherless girl, and was anxious respecting her welfare.

And Ardent—she was lost in a rose-colored dream. She was eighteen, impulsive, imaginative, and Lemoine was wonderfully attractive. It was plain to others besides Stephen, to see that she was happy with him, as with no one else—that her very heart was bound up in him. It came to light that they had been close correspondents during the year of absence.

Love is keen-sighted, and it was no ordinary affection that Stephen Allen bore this girl. If he had believed Junius Lemoine to be an honest and virtuous man, he would have kept his secret and made no sign of his loss; for, as I have said, he loved her; her happiness was dearer than his. But he looked at Lemoine through no rose-colored mist of youth and romance. At the onset, he knew the man to be given to indulgences which argued no good to a devoted woman. And so, one day, when Ardent came sweeping into the parlor in a new dress of snowy *tulle*, turning around in merry exhibition, and then laughing in his face, with her white hands on his shoulders, he clasped her suddenly, and said:

"O Ardent, Ardent, how I love you!"

She shrank a little, the color dying from her smiling lips. If she had suspected Stephen's love, she expected no revelation of it now. But he could not restrain himself in this unlooked for moment of temptation, when the first words of confession had leaped from his lips. She tried to disengage herself gently, but he held her close.

"I did not mean to tell you, Ardent—I *cannot* tell you; God only knows my heart. *Will* you leave me?"

She tried to speak, trembling very much. At last she faltered, "Stephen, don't talk so. You know—"

"I know you mean to marry Lemoine. Ardent, I would work for you to my dying day, and never touch your hand, meanwhile, rather than see you that man's wife."

"What do you mean?"

Her color came back, and she looked up into his face with a cold surprise.

"I should talk idly to you if I tried to point out his faults. You love him."

"Yes, I love him!" she cried, her beautiful cheeks aflame. "I do not claim that he is perfect. He has been wild, they say; perhaps it is true; but if there is any strength in a woman's devotion, he will henceforth have a safeguard. I can live for him, die for him! You need say no more to me of his faults, Stephen."

"I will say no more," he answered, sadly.

In a week they were married and went South; the *old* South, prosperous to the owners of men, rich and beautiful, with their toil, to gladden the eyes of the enthusiastic young bride.

And now that her loss was a dead certainty to Stephen Allen, he went his way bravely. He had loved too purely to make anything but duty a substitute for his love; but he was changed, even to the most indifferent eye. Men said that he had grown cold. Well, endurance deadens the impulses. He was never called cold by his mother, or by any suffering being that came in his way.

During the first twelvemonth of her marriage, there had come several letters from Ardent, innocent, happy, yet earnest letters, assuring Mrs. Allen of her happiness.

"Junius was not rich, after all," she wrote, "but they had everything she wanted. To be sure, she was a little lonely sometimes, Junius was away so much, but that could not be helped."

Stephen never touched these letters. His mother, suspecting nothing, gave her reports and made her comments with no demonstration from him. She never dreamed that her grave, manly elder son had more than a brotherly interest in the beautiful, absent girl.

But one winter night, about two years after Ardent's marriage, there came a cramped, scrawled letter, the production of which was evidently toilsome labor to some unaccustomed hand. The meaning was as follows:

"I am directed by my dear mistress to write to you. She is very sick, and is afraid that she will die and leave her little child with no one to care for it. She begs you to come to her right away. I am only a poor servant and cannot write well, but I hope you will make out my meaning."

"Why, where can her husband be?" exclaimed Mrs. Allen.

"If he has dared neglect her, woe be unto him!" cried Stephen, springing to his feet.

In an hour he had gone. Reading his secret in his impetuosity, the startled mother gave him her trembling good-bye kiss, and then fell to packing stores of comforts for Ardent, to be sent as Stephen should advise by telegraph.

(Concluded next week.)

SIGNS.—It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the window. It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see a man wipe his chops as he comes out of the cellar. It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for finery. It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers. It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him. It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at the evening-school in the street.

Make Home Happy.

To make your home happy, see that you make your wife feel that your affections and tenderness for her are in no degree diminished from the day when you first sought her. Do not let her have, when you can help it, to sit alone and go out alone. You would not have done so once upon a time. Do not reserve all your blandness and fragrance for strangers and casual acquaintances. There are some men judging from whose out of door manners it would seem that nothing was left to be desired, who are, nevertheless, of the ursa-major tribe at home; men who keep their pleasant ways and genial smiles and cheerful works for company, and who can only be silent, or peevish and exacting with their wives. Have such men any reason to complain that their homes are not happy? There is a good deal of undeserved censure passed on women on account of their not making home more attractive. Much of this blame is chargeable to men. With what heart can a woman strive to make a fireside cheerful, when she knows from bitter experience that the companion of her life will come home to criticise her cookery, to disregard her personal appearance, and to let off her wounded but patient ear fretful language on account of everything that has gone wrong out of doors! See to it that you do your part to make home happy by cheerful encouragement to your wife.

A Pithy Sermon to Young Men.

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, Self-reliance, Honesty and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverance and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep the helm, and steer your own ship. Think well of yourselves.—Strike out. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Do not practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Civility costs nothing, but buys everything. Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be judicious. Be generous. Be kind. Study hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow men as well as God.—Love your country and obey the laws. Love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequences with God.

SINGULAR CASE OF HALLUCINATION.—*Husband Visited in Dreams by his Dead wife.*—From the Monongahela (Penn.) *Republican* we copy the following:—"Not very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband sad, disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home, but not to forget his loved one. She was present with him by day, in spirit, and in his dreams by night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him—being repeated night after night—was this: that the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the undertaker had not removed from her face the square piece of muslin or napkin which had been used to cover her face after death, but had screwed down her coffin lid with it upon her, and that she could not breathe in her grave, but was wrestless on account of the napkin. He tried to drive his dream away, but it abided with him by night and troubled him by day. He sought the consolation of religion, and his pastor prayed with him, and assured him that it was wicked to indulge such morbid fancy. It was the subject of his own petition before the Throne of Grace; but still the spirit came and told anew the story of her suffocation. In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him that the napkin had not been removed, but urged him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this he could not avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he determined to have the body disinterred, and visited the undertaker for that purpose.

"Here he was met with the same advice and persuasion, and convicted once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night more vivid than ever, more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he promised to remove the cause of all her suffering. The next night with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them, and there, by the light of the cold, round moon, the body was was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse, That night she came to his bedside once more but for the last time. Thanking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to his cheek and came again no more. Reader, this is a true story; can you explain the mystery of dreams?"

People who do business advertise. In other words they make themselves known. Every advertiser lives on a front street; every person doing business that don't advertise, simply vegetates on a back, narrow, uninviting street. One class is represented in the numerals as a figure, the other as a cipher. One is alive, the other is not much better than dead. One is in sunshine, the other in shade.

Intellect can be cultivated the same as flowers. It contains within itself all the principles of growth. A consciousness of ignorance is the planting of the seed. The desire to be wiser, its germination. Study, its leaf and flowering, and knowledge its fruit.

Actions are immortal, and our deeds now and their deservings hereafter must be the twin companions that shall walk in eternity hand in hand.